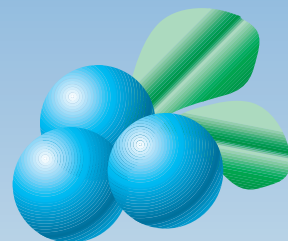
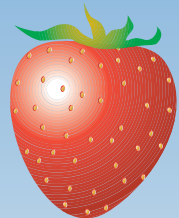
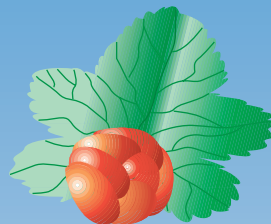
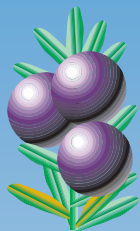
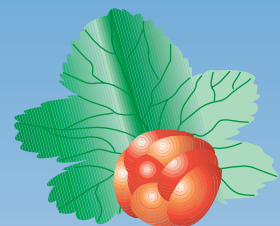
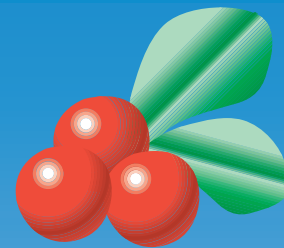


This beautifully illustrated story, *Berry Picking*, is a fictionalized account of a traditional Yup'ik Eskimo subsistence activity. The story takes place in southwest Alaska along the Kuskokwim river. It involves a family with school-aged children who are camping and gathering foods for the long winter season. The children learn to carefully observe the environment and learn when it is time to pick berries. While picking, the children hear traditional Yup'ik stories. The story culminates when the family returns from berry picking and stores most of the berries and uses some of them for making Eskimo Ice Cream.



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Part of the series: Math in a Cultural Context: Lessons Learned from Yup'ik Eskimo Elders



Berry Picking

Written by
Walkie Charles
Nastasia Wahlberg
Agnes Green

Illustrated by
Elizabeth "Putt" Clark



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Berry Picking

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*A companion to the curriculum module *Picking Berries: Connections Between Data Collection, Graphing, and Measuring*, part of the series *Math in a Cultural Context: Lessons Learned from Yup'ik Eskimo Elders**

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About the Berry Picking Storybook

The Berry Picking story takes place near Togiak in southwest Alaska and is a fictionalized account of events developed around a traditional Yup'ik Eskimo activity—berry picking. This story was developed from the childhood experiences of Walkie Charles, Nastasia Wahlberg, and Agnes Green. The story follows sisters Aanaq, the older sister, and Kang'aq, the younger sibling and their family on one of the trips to gather berries. Aanaq and Kang'aq learn of different weather factors that impact the berries' growth and also how to use the berries. The story brings forth childhood memories of engaging in various family activities and describes the lifestyle of Yup'ik Eskimo in southwest Alaska. This story embeds two other traditional Yup'ik stories about mosquitoes and bears. The mosquito story adds two new characters to the story: a grandmother and her granddaughter, Panik. This story was developed in consultation with elders. The work was supported by grants from the National Science Foundation and the U.S. Department of Education, working with the Adapting Yup'ik Elders' Knowledge project and Developing and Implementing Culturally Based Curriculum and Teacher Preparation.



Kuigem paingani-gguq taukut uitaaqellriit. Cat tamalkuita yuut piyarait aturluki. Uksuungraan, kiagungraan-llu, wall' up' nerkaungraan ayuqluki aturnaurait. Neqlillermeggni neqsurluteng neqet tamaani ciuqliit angunaluki. Qusuuret ciumek tull' uteng. Tua-llu taryaqviit malirqerluki itrarluteng. Atatakuaraani iqalluut sayiit-llu piarkauluteng.

Qakiiyaat-llu kingumek tekilluteng.

Near the mouth of the river, there lived a family. All the ways of living that people used to survive with, they lived by. Even in the winter, or in the summer, or in the spring, they worked during those seasons to survive. When the fish arrived, the family left its village and went to fish camp to catch the first run of fish. The smelts hit the river first, followed by the king salmon which would chase after the smelts to eat them. Later on, the chums and reds would come. The pinks and cohos, or silver salmon, would be the last to arrive.



Naunrarnek-llu tua-i up' nerkami yaavet kiallranun avuraqluteng.

From the beginning of spring until late summer, the family would pick greens.

Tua-i-llu Aanankut aquinginanratni kalluk tukniluni tus' arrluni, tatamlluki taukut aquilriit. Kallirngan aaniin aptaa uyanglluni pelatekamek naken kallilranek. Kiugaa Aanam nunam tungiinek kallirniluku. Aaniin tua-i kiugaa, "Atsirciqliniuq. Kitak kelluskiki naunraat naullerkaat." Niitelallruami-wa anglillermiini Aanam aanii tua-i kalluk tuskan qavaken nunapiim tungiinek atsirciqniluku; wall' uaken imarpiim tungiinek kallukan neq' lirciqniluku.

One time, Aanaq and her friends were playing, when they heard a loud clap of thunder and saw lightning flashing down to the ground. They were frightened. Looking out of the tent and seeing the thunderstorm, Mother asked Aanaq which direction the storm was coming from. Aanaq answered that it was coming from inland. Then mother replied matter-of-factly, "There will be many berries. Well, now I want you to keep an eye on the plants as they grow." When she was growing up mother had heard that if the thunderstorms came from inland, then there would be lots of berries. If they came from the ocean, there would be plenty of fish.



Uumikuani Aanaq aquillermi ilani-llu maaten piut qatellriarugaat naucetaat tamaani nunapiim qaingani. Taugaam Quyaqerluni aanani qanrucartulaakii, “Aan’ atsarkanek tangertua amllepialrianek pamani nunapigmi.” Kiugaa aaniin, “Kitak waniwa kellulluki pikina. Iqvarnarikan nallunritniartukut qaku ayallerkamtenek.”

The next time Aanaq played with her friends, they noticed many, many white flowers covering the tundra. Excitedly, she ran to tell her mother, “Mom! I saw lots and lots of salmonberry flowers back there on the tundra.” Mother replied, “Well now, why don’t you keep an eye on them, then we will know when it’s time to go pick them.”



Tua-i-gguq kiagpak Aanam paqtaarturqai atsarkat. Cat iliitni-gguq itqertuq Aanaq pelatekameggnun qanerluni, “Aan’ , aat’ , imkut melquruat teng’ ut! Iqvarnariqatartuq-qaa?” Aatiin nalqiggluku pia, “Qivyunguaruut-gguq. Melquruat nallunairutaqata iqvarnarilartuq.”

All summer long, Aanaq kept checking to see if the berries were ready for picking. Then one day she ran into the tent saying, “Mom, Dad, the cotton balls are flying everywhere! Is it time to pick berries?” Then father explained: “They are called bear grass. When the cotton balls appear or are noticeable, then it’s time to pick berries.”



Aatiin kiukiliu, “Kitak upnartukut atsat-llu paqluki. Ut’rarrluta piniartukut.” Tua-i uptelaalliniluteng atsat paqnaluki. Aanaq-gguq uitasciiganani, angyamun-llu aqumellermini kiarteqtaarturluni nunapigmek tangerrnayukluni qalleryagcetellrianek naunranek, tangerrnaq’ laata atsat yaaqvanek. Cayaqlirluni cukaiqanirtuq aataq, Aanaq-llu mak’ arrluni taklaurallerminek; qavaryarpiallrulliniluni. Tua-i-llu-gguq atiit qanertuq, “Kitak waniwa paqnakelci tekitarput. Angyamek yuuluci paqciki atsat.”

Father said, “Well, let’s get ready to check the berries. We’ll go out for the day and return.” So they got ready to go check the berries. Aanaq was restless. Even in the boat, she couldn’t sit still. From her seat, she kept a watchful eye on the passing tundra for patches of red. But after a while she started to get tired. Finally, father slowed down the boat, and Aanaq jolted upright from where she had been lying half asleep and looked. She had almost fallen asleep. Announcing their arrival, father said, “Okay, let’s go check out what you were so curious about. Now get out of the boat and check the berries.”



*Aanaq ak' a, qanernginanrani aatii, qeckarluni tagqertuq, kicamek tegumiarluni inglual-
llu qaltacuarmek. Culurcameng angyam kicaa kapuqaarluku, aqvaqurluni unilluki ilani
unailngurmun nunapigmun tut' uq.*

While father was still speaking, Aanaq jumped out of the boat with the anchor in one hand and a small bucket in the other. She thrust the anchor into the ground and ran up the bank to the soft, mossy tundra, leaving the rest of her family behind.



Maaten puggertuq atsarugaat avatmeggni. Piyuallerkani-llu capeqluku, amllerata atsat tamaani. Egmianllu iqvangluni tamaaken, ilain-llu anguluku.

She quickly got there and saw that there were berries all around. She was leery of walking around too much, because they were everywhere. Immediately, she began picking them. The rest of the family soon caught up with her.



Kang'aq caskamek cikiraa aaniin qanrulluku, "Kitak tauna imiqcaararru, muiriaqavet qaltamnun naivaqluku pinieran." Kang'am tangerrsaaqluki atsat nernguq tamakunek atsanek. Amllenrurrnganateng-llu nerellri. Cayaqlirluni Kang'am ataucimek atsamek imirraarluku egmianun caskaq naivaa Aanami qaltaanun. Aaniin-llu piluku "Aling' quyanaqvaa, kitak caskan amllerneq atsanek imirluku pi pavaken al'avet avatiinek." Ayagartuq qayagauruni, "Aan', Aan' atam iqvallrenka." Aanam pia quyakluku, "Ala-i!" Tangerqerraarluku caskaa pia, "Maligcuaryaquunii ata!" Kang'aq cukaitelaan Aanam qessakluku. Tua-i pingraan piyugteqlutek iqvartuk.

Mother gave Kang'aq a cup and said, "Go ahead and start filling it. Whenever you fill it to the top, dump it into my bucket." Kang'aq saw the salmonberries all right; however, she started eating them.

She must have eaten more than she picked. Finally, Kang'aq dropped one berry into her cup and immediately dumped it into her mother's pail. And mother gratefully encouraged her, "Oh wow! Thank you! Now fill your cup with many more berries, up from around where your sister is." Running toward Aanaq, Kang'aq called out to her older sister, "Aan, Aan, look at what I picked." Welcoming her, Aanaq said, "Oh my!" Then, glancing into her cup, she said, "Now don't keep following me!" Since Kang'aq tended to be slow, Aanaq didn't want her to accompany her. But they both eagerly picked berries.



Muiriamek atrarlutek iqvalnguqercamek. Aanam tass' uqluku Kang' aq. Maaten tekituk aaniik ak' a neqkanek paivcillrullinilria. Quyalutek kaigngamek aqumqerlutek qengaruumun neqerrluarturtuk, meciqaqlutek. Assilipiarlutek.

When both girls had filled up their containers, they were so exhausted from picking berries that they needed a break. They went down to the boat, with Aanaq leading Kang' aq by the hand. When they arrived, their mother had already set out the food. Grateful, because they were hungry, they sat down on the knolls and ate dried fish, dipping the fish into the seal oil. They enjoyed their delicious meal immensely.



*Quyurtellerrmeggni tamarmeng maaten piut muirumayarpiaraqluteng qaltait
atsalugpianek, curanek ilaluteng. Ilait atsat teggenquulutenq cali. Cakneq-lli qevlercepaa
kavirlirpayagaat, qallercetngalnguut-llu. Qaltarpagmun-llu qaltayagaat naivluki.*

When the whole family gathered, they saw that some of their buckets were almost filled with salmonberries, and the occasional blueberries mingled here and there and some of the berries were still hard. Oh, how they sparkled brightly, the red and rust colored ones. The family dumped all of their buckets into the larger containers.



Tua-i nallunriamegteggu atsangqellra atakuarangan aatiit piuq, “Kitak tua-i nallunriraput qaillun atsat ayuquciit, uterrluta upcartulta. Uumiku atsiyarniartukut.” Qessayaaqlutek-llu Aanankuk Kang’aq-llu. Utertellerkamegnek atsat amllerpakaata. Tua-i atsat allat pugnaurtut ciungagni. Nangesciiganateng. Iqvariinarlutek taugaam. Cayaqlirlutek angayuqaagken piak uternariniluku. Uterrnginanermeggni tamarmek Kang’ankuk Aanaq-llu cikemqeraqamek tangrruarumakilik atsarugarnek.

Now that they knew there were plenty of berries and it was near evening, father said, “Okay, now that we know what the berries are like, let’s go back to fish camp and prepare for another time to pick berries. Next time we will camp.” Aanaq and Kang’aq were reluctant to return to fish camp, because there were so many berries. They kept on seeing more and more berries as they walked. They couldn’t pick them all, and it was hard to stop. Finally, their parents told them that it was time for them to go. On their way back to fish camp, the girls couldn’t help but see berries galore whenever they closed their eyes.



Tekicameng-llu tua-i akluteng tagulluki. Mernuircirraarluteng nutaan aaniit kenirtuq akakiigmek. Aanaq aaniin ellimeraa, “Passin tang yuaqerru, atsalugpianek passiciniartuten. Cali-llu uqumek elagyamek aqvalluten, akutniartuten uqirluku saarralamek ilaqerluku.” ‘Atakutarraarluteng-llu inartut mernuameng. Passicissuun nataqngamiu Aanaq picalqumek akutuq.

Unuakuayaarmi tupagyararluteng uptut cat aturyugarkateng quyurrluki.

When they got back to fish camp, they unloaded the boat and carried everything up the bank to their tent. After resting, mother cooked whitefish. Mother asked Aanaq, “Could you please look for the wooden crusher? Then you can crush some salmonberries. Also get some seal oil from the cache, and then you can make salmonberry *akutaq* with seal oil and a little bit of sugar.” After Aanaq found the berry crusher she made a delicious salmonberry dessert. After their evening meal, they all went to bed, because they were so tired.

They got up early the next morning and gathered everything they would need and packed it.



Upingariarmeng-llu tua-i ayagluteng tuavet Kaviarmun ayallermeggnun, cali atsalillruan. Neqet kuigni-llu ayuqenrilnguut amllelaata tamaani. Neqet atsat-llu-kaviaret assikait.

When they were ready they returned to the same spot they had been the day before. It was called the Place of Fox, because it had plenty of berries and because many different kinds of fish swam in the nearby waters. Foxes love to eat berries and fish.

Aatiit, qavartararkaungameng civtaa akakiigcuun kuvyaq.

When they got there, father set out the whitefish net, since they would be staying there for a while.



*Taum-llu kinguakun taqngami pelatekateng civvluku, Aanam ilain ikayurluku.
Egturyalipiarluni eqnaqluteng.*

Then, the whole family helped to set up the tent. There were countless mosquitoes, and they were so, very, bothersome.



Tua-i-llu aaniita aruvaarcellukek pelatekam elatiikun.

Mother had them build a smoldering fire next to the tent to keep the mosquitoes away.



Tua-i qaqiucameng mernuameng-llu inarrluteng. Amllerpakaata makut, aaniigkenka neq' aqerluku quliraq tauna nasaurluq egturyanek pilleg iqvallermini, qalamciuq:

When they were done setting everything up, they went to bed because they were tired. And because they were so many mosquitoes mother suddenly remembered a story about a girl who encountered mosquitoes while picking berries, and as they lay in the tent she began to tell the story:



*Ak' a tamaani Panik mauluni-llu uitaqellriik, nunapigmek enel' utek. Tua-i kiakuaqan
atsat assiriaqata Panik piyugteqluni atsassulartuq pavavet nanvam avatiinun. Tua-i tamaani
atsat amlleraqluteng. Tua-i-am cali atsat nalliitni egturyat amllernaurtut. Tua-i eqnaqluteng,
esaarturatuameng-llu ciutemteñi.*

Long ago there was Panik and her grandmother who lived in a sod house. Every summer when the berries were ready, Panik eagerly went berry picking up the hill and around the pond. The berries were always plentiful and at the same time the mosquitoes were thick. They are so pesky because they buzz into our ears.



Tua-i-am kiaget iliitni atsat pinariata, Panik upluni piyugteqluni. Mamluni pia, “Iqvaryaqtartua piavet kelumtenun nanvam avatiinun.” Mamluan kiugaa, “Ii-i, kitak piyugtequvet ayii.” Tua-i ayagluni pamavet nanvam avatiinun. Atsirluni-am tua-i. Egturyat-wa cali makut cavagtat.

One summer when the berries were ready, Panik eagerly got ready and said to her grandma: “I’m going berries picking up the hill and around the pond.” And grandma said, “Yes you can go, if you are eager to go.” So she went up the hill and around the pond. As usual, there were plenty of berries and swarms of mosquitoes.



Iqvainanrani esaaqernaurtut ciutiinun. Unategni aturlukek pitengnaqsaaqaqluki tamakut eqnaqvakalriit. Pivakarluni pileryagai esaarturalriit, “Tua-i piviiqnacia, atataarqu piniamci.” Tua-i-llu-gguq tayima, tamakut taqluteng egturyat pinrirluku. Muiriami uterrluni. Kiagpak egturyat aavurcuunaku iqvangraan.

As she was picking berries, the mosquitoes occasionally buzzed into her ear. Panik used her hands to grab those annoying mosquitoes unsuccessfully. Finally, she hollered at them, “Quit bothering me, I’ll deal with you later!” Sure enough, the pesky mosquitoes stopped bothering her. She went home after filling her container with berries. All summer long the mosquitoes didn’t bother her when she picked berries.

Tua-i-ll’ allrakuan cali-am atsat nauluteng piani nanvam avatiini. Taum tua-i Paniim nallunrilamiu tauna pivini atsilaan upluni mauluni pia, “Iqvaryaqtartua piavet pivimnun.” Mautlun kiugaa, “Ii-i kiiki kitak piyugteqkuvet ayii.”

The following year, as usual, the berries once again grew, up the hill and around the pond. Since Panik knew there were plenty of berries, she got ready and told her grandma, “I’m going berry picking where I usually go.” Her grandma replied, “Yes, go if you are willing to go.”



Iqvaryarluni. Cali-am tamakut egturyat amlerrluteng. Qayuwa tang esaaqeryulriit tayima. Eqnarqevkenateng. Iqvainanermini nakacim tekilluku. Uyungqerluni tamaavet cailkamun yuqerrluni, pusngaluni. Piinanermini it' gagnek tangerqili ciuqermini.

So she went berry picking. As always, there were many mosquitoes. But oddly enough they didn't buzz into her ears. They weren't being pesky. As she was picking berries, Panik realized that the more she picked from the area where she squatted to fill her pail, there seemed to be more and more berries. The more she picked, the bigger and juicier the berries seemed to get. Suddenly, a pair of feet appeared in front of her.



Cukaunani ciugtuq maaten pia una yun' erraq, tan' gaurlukegtaar. Taum tan' gaurluum pia, "Tua-i waniw' atataarqu piciqnillruavnga aqvaamken."

She slowly looked up and saw a young man, a handsome young man. He said to her, "Well, you said you would deal with me later and I am here to get you."



Tua-i-ll' taum Paniim maliggluku qaillun-llu camek aptevkenaku. Taum ayaulluku tuar' imarpiim ceniinun. Tekituk makut yuut, angutet ayalriit, tekiluteng tuaten qayamegteggun. Pitait-wa unatet, ulluviit, qamiqut, nulluut-llu.

So Panik went along without questioning him. He took her to a place that looked like a beach. When they arrived there were men coming in and going out in their kayaks. Their catches were hands, cheeks, heads, and buttocks.



I escaped
five great
hunters!



Tekitellriit qanemcikarluteng tekitnautut. Qanraqluteng, “Nukalpiat talliman aviartellruanka.”

Each man coming in had an adventure to tell. They would say, “I dodged five great hunters.”

Tua-i-gguq tamakut egturyaullinilriit taum nanvam ceñiini uitaqluteng. Ukut-wa talliman nukalpiat yuum unatait. Tua-i icugg’ akuqassaalalriakut eqnarqaqata iliitni.

The so-called “people” were actually the mosquitoes who lived along edge of the pond. And the five great hunters the men escaped from were actually human hands that tried to grab the mosquitoes when they buzzed around them.



Tua-i-ll' Aanaq qavarniluni piuq, "Yuut-qaa egturyaurtetuut?" Kang'am kuigaa, "Ii-i, unuaqu iqvaqumta aqvaciqaakut. Ala-i!" Nepairulluteng. Unuaquaqaan iqvaraqluteng. Aanankuk Kang'aq-llu neq' akaqluku quliraq egturyanek. Iqvainanermeggni esaaqernaurtut ciutegkeni mikelnguuk, qanraqlutek. "Egturyat makut amlleriinarpagtat!"

Aanaq sleepily asked, "Do people turn into mosquitoes?" Kang'aq answered mischievously, "Yes, they will come for us when we go berry picking tomorrow. Ala-i!" With that, they all became quiet. The next day they went berry picking. As they picked Aanaq and Kang'aq would remember the mosquito story. As the children picked berries the mosquitoes would buzz into their ears and they would say, "There are more and more mosquitoes!"



Tua-i-ll' unuakumi cagerluteng tupagtut ella tairvallrullinilria. Mikyaarluteng merraat naunrat qaingatni uitaualriit. Narniqluni nunapiim mecua, cuyarninaqluni tua-i. "Kitaki Aanaaq, Kangaaq-llu kenkuraullutek ata piurniartutek ernerpak. Cukangnaqu' urlutek-llu iqvaqcaarniartutek. Atsat quyatekluki iqvarniartutek," angayuqaagken qarullukek qalaruskiik unuaquaqan qalaruartelaamegnekek. Quuyurniqertuk nasaurluuk. Kang'am quyaluni maligcuarnaluku alqani umyuarteqngami. Aanam nallunrilamiu umyuartequq aqvautnaluku iqvaqunek pia. Qengacuaraa kinguqlian akagenkegluni, quletmun tangvaurallrani. Quyavikraarluku-llu Aulukesteteng unuakutarluteng. Akertem puqlii ak'a pelatekamun itengluni.

One morning they woke up and discovered it had been foggy during the night. Tiny drops of dew were on the plants. The moist tundra smelled so good, so earthy green. "Well now, Aanaq and Kang'aq, be loving and kind to each other all day. And gratefully receive the berries as you pick them and try to work quickly," their parents encourage their children, as they did every morning. The girls flashed a quick smile. Kang'aq was happily thinking of following her older sister around. Aanaq, who knew her sister well enough, thought of racing to see how fast they could pick berries. Her younger sister's tiny nose looked so round when she looked up at her. Then, after thanking their Caretaker, they ate their morning meal. The sun's warmth was already entering their tent.



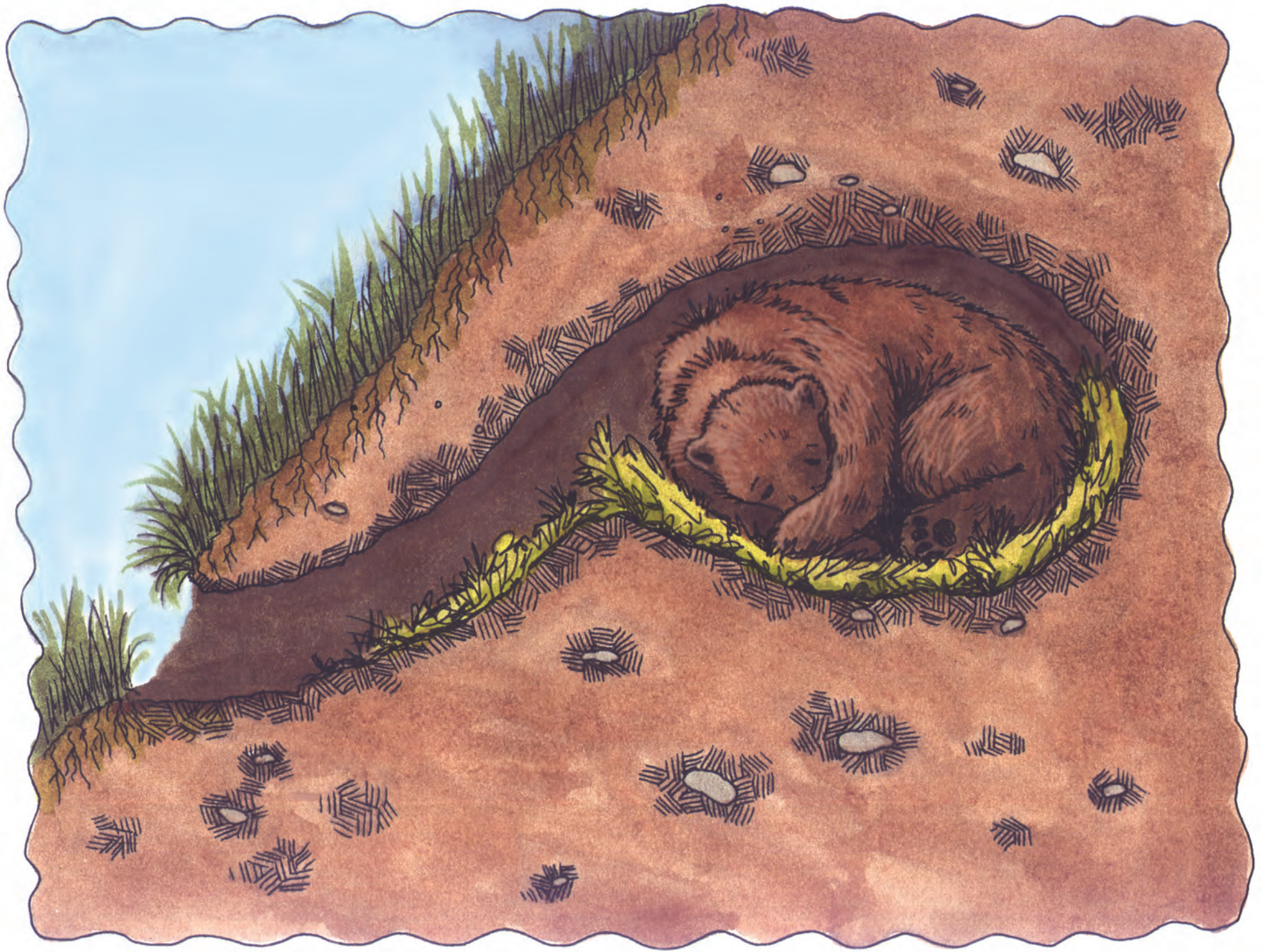
Atiit qaltamek ang' aqluni ayagyunga' artuq atsat keluqvani paqcugluki. Egmanun pengurrlugnun ayagtuq. Tangrraqluki maa-i amlleqtaarluteng, meciknauraqluki augkut yaaqvaarni. Maaten piuq teqiyaaret tengauqetaalriit, mit' aqluteng. Ullakcaarturluki piuq, maa-i atsat amlleringiinarluteng. Egmanun uterrluni ilani aqvai. Kang'am tangerqeraa taillrani, "Aat', aata," aqvaqurluni ullagartaa. Kiiryugluni aatii quuyurniluni pia, "Apiatarraarluta tagciqukut pavavet. Nauwa-mi aanan, Aanaq-llu?" "Ava-i tang, nunapiim mengliini," kiugartaa. Nererraaluteng-llu pavavet tagluteng. Ernerpak iqvarluteng. Muiriameng taugaam uterrluteng pelatekamegnun.

Carrying a pail, their father decided to go check for berries farther inland. Right away he started toward the mounds in the distance. He could see berries around him and in places there were more berries than others and focusing on the ground ahead of him he searched for the bright berries. Then he saw some terns swooping up and then landing, again and again. He went toward them and he saw more and more berries. He immediately went back to get his family. Kang'aq saw her father coming back, "Dad, Daddy!" she ran up to him. Sweating, he smiled at her. "After we have lunch, we're going back there," he said. "Where are your mother and Aanaq?" "Over there, around the edge of the tundra," Kang'aq responded. After they had eaten, the family headed to where their father had been. They picked all day long. Only when their buckets were full did they return to their tent.



Inarteqataameng, quyavakaameng unangellermeggnak aatiit quliriuq taqukamek kinguakun quyallermek.

As they went to bed, and because they were happy with their accomplishment, father told a story of a grizzly bear who, also, became happy in the end.



Qessalleq Taqukaq

Taqukaq-gguq una uksuarmi igtemi elatiini uitaaqellria kaikapiggluni. Waniwa ak' anivkenani qavarciqngami uksurpak up' nerkami taugaam tupagarkauluni; tuaten pilaameng taukat. "Kaigpaa!" qanertuq Taqukaq. "Kaigpaa," qanernaurluq aqsaquni elpegnarian. Amta-llu neqkaminek aqvatlerkaminek qessaluni. Uitayaaqluni, paluqataami neq' aqallinia kuigem mengliini uitallni. Qanertuq, "Uksuarmi-ggem neqet tagelriit irniyarturluteng cukairut' lartut. Atraquma-qaa unavet kuigmun pisngaitua?" Pisciigalngermi cukailcaarluni pek' nguq kuigem tungiinun.

The Grizzly Who Had Been Lazy

One autumn there was a very hungry bear who sat next to the entrance of his den. He was going into hibernation very soon and would come out when spring arrived; that is what bears usually do. "I'm hungry!" the bear said. "I'm hungry!" he would say, now that he could feel his stomach rumbling. But he was too lazy to get food for himself. He stayed where he was and when he was near starvation he suddenly remembered he was by the edge of the river. He said, "I know the fish spawn in the fall and become very slow. If I go down to the river, I wonder if I'll catch any." Although he was very weak, he made his way toward the river.



Cayaqlirluni meq tekita. Maaten-gguq mermun put' uq neqenggelliniluni. Ak' anivkenani ataucitliniluni. Kiituani cangliq' nguq. Nerelnguami unilluki tamakut neq' rugaat igte i ullalliniluku. Mayurnginanermuni naunrarnek neqnikngaminek nalkutliniuq. Ataam-am aqumqerluni nernguq neqnililuni. Nerelnguami nutaan ekvik unilluku mayulliniluni. Tevngamiu ekvik piniriami aneryaartuq ilutmun qengamikun narqerai atsarugaat tepiit tuknipiarluteng, aglumanaqluteng.

Finally, he reached the river. When he looked down into the water he saw that there were fish. Before long he caught one. Soon he had a lot of fish. When he got tired of eating, he left all those fish and started toward his den. While he was climbing the bank of the river he found his favorite plants. Again, he sat down and enjoyed his favorite greens. When he had enough to eat he left the bank and went up on the tundra. He was feeling strong again when he left the bank and when he inhaled through his nostrils he got a whiff of the sweet smelling berries and could not resist them.



Quyaqerluni tua-i qengani maliggluku ullallii taukut atsat. Maaten tekicarturtuq atsar pallraat. Nerrliuq nepcanariluni-llu kegginaa, unatek-llu tua-i nepcarpak. Nulluuk-llugguq atsanun tamaavet aqumellruami nepcanarilukek.

Happily he followed his nose to the berries. As he was approaching them he saw that they were big berries. He ate until his face and paws became sticky. And because he sat on the berries his backside was also sticky.



NereInguami, nutaan aqsiami cukaunani igtemi tungiinun ayalliniluni. Qavarnipiarngami iterluni qavangcalliuq. Waniwa-llu-gguq qavaqatarluni qanertuq, “Anirta unuaq qessangerma, pingnatullruunga m-mm!” Tayima qavaqalliuq.

When he had enough to eat, and since he was now full, he waddled toward his den. And because he was so sleepy he lay down and started to drift off. Just before he fell asleep he said, “Good thing, even though I was lazy this morning, I’m glad I went. M-mm!” And he fell asleep.

Taringamegnegu quliraq Kang’ankuk Aanaq-llu qelmeIriit-gguq quuyurmek qavaqalliuk.

Understanding the meaning of the story, Kang’aq and Aanaq closed their eyes, smiling happily and fell asleep.



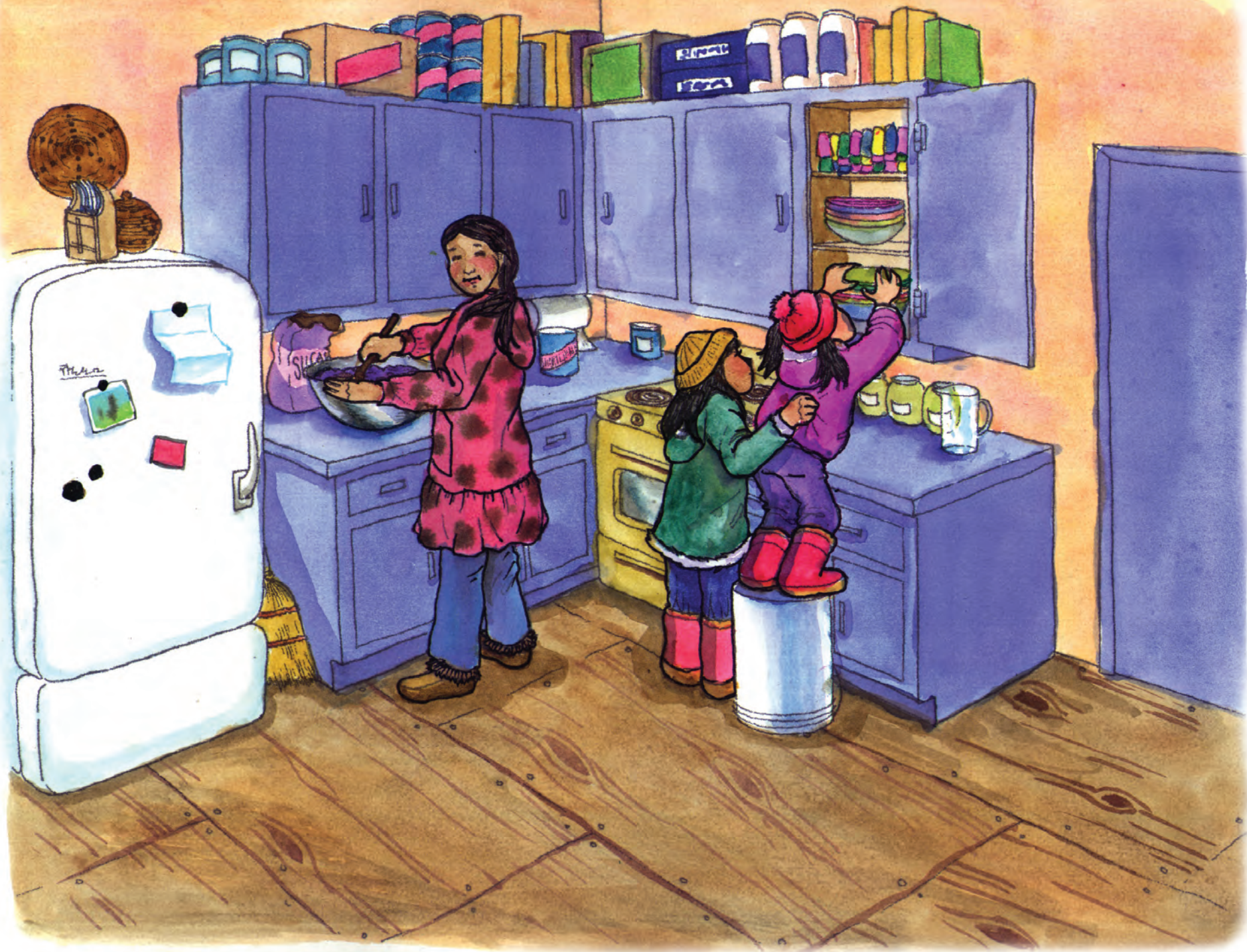
Cayaqlirluteng muiriameng up'ngut uterrnaluteng. Kinengyiit qemaggluki, atsat patunqegcaarluki, pelatekaq imegluku, uitavillerteng carrirluku—tua-i ca tamalkuan ayuqellratun unitengnaqluku.

Finally having filled up all of their containers, the family prepared for their trip home. They packed the dried fish, carefully covered the berries, took down and folded the tent, and cleaned the camping area to make it look as much as possible like it did before they arrived.



Aanankuk Kang' aq-llu umyugaak angnirtuk. Atsalillruan-llu tamana atsiyarviat aaniik aatiik-llu angnirlutek. Aaniin Kang' aq pikiliu, "Uksuqu angparrnarikaki neqerrluaraat atsat-llu, akutniartua."

Both Aanaq and Kang' aq were filled with happiness. Their parents shared their gratefulness, because there had been so many berries where they camped. Mother said to Kang' aq, "This winter, when it's time to open up the fish and the berries, I will make some *akutaq*."



Elpet-llu payuggniaran ‘uin’ iqvallerpenek.” Kang’am apeskiliu aanani, “Ciin ‘uika’ payugtarkausia akutamek?” Aaniin pikiliu, “Iqvaqarraalriit, wall’u pitqerraalriit pitateng kenkellermeggnun payugutkelarait, wall’u nerevkaritekluki. Aterpet atran uikellruagu, unangesciigalan-llu ellminek watua quyacetaarluku payuggniaran uin.”

“And you can bring your ‘husband’* some *akutaq*.” Kang’aq asked her mother, “Why would I bring my ‘husband’ some *akutaq*?” “When girls pick their first berries,” mother answered, “Or when boys catch their first game, those berries and game are given as gifts to their loved ones, or a feast is given. Because he was your namesake’s husband, and because he cannot provide for himself, you have to try to make him happy by bringing him a gift.”

* Customarily, when a child is born in the Yup’ik culture, he or she is named after the person who recently died. Everyone recognizes and celebrates the spirit’s return by naming the newborn with the Yup’ik name of the deceased. The most involved in the recognition of the newborn are the family members of the deceased. The child grows knowing who her “other” family is. The “other” family, in return, acknowledges the child as either “mother,” “father,” “sister,” “brother,” “grandmother,” “grandfather,” “husband,” or “wife.” Note, too, that there is an absence of gender in the naming of the child with the deceased name.



Kang'am tayima nalluyaguskilu ak'a imna aaniin qanrutkellra. Uksurtuq, qanikcaq-llu amlleringluni. Maaten aquillermegnek itertuk Aanankuk Kang'aq-llu aaniik akutellria. Aaniin pikiliu Kang'aq, "Qaqiuskuma nutaan 'uin' payuggniaran akutamek, iqvallerpenek avulegmek. Aanam maliggniaaraaten."

Kang'aq soon forgot all about what her mother had said. Winter came and there was plenty of snow. When Aanaq and Kang'aq came in from playing, mother was making *akutaq*. Then she said to Kang'aq, "When I'm done, you can bring your 'husband' some *akutaq*, mixed with the berries you picked. Aanaq can go with you."

Up'arrlutek, quyaqerlutek assigtarkaanek akutam qulqitnek tegullutek aanamegnun tunlliak. Ilukegciluni Kang'am tegumiaqluku akutaq pegtuqeryaaqevkenaku 'uimi' eniin tungiinun aggliuk. Tekicamek tukriarpeknatek itertuk Kang'am 'uingan' eniinun.

Rushing to get ready, the girls happily reached for a plate from the cupboard for the *akutaq* and gave it to mother. Kang'aq held the plate carefully as they headed towards her 'husband's' home. When they arrived, they went right into Kang'aq's 'husband's' home without even knocking.



Tua-i-ll' 'uillera' urluan' ciuniurraarluku akutaq qanrutaa, "Tua-i-qaa 'nuliallerama' payugtaanga." Quyam ugaani inqaa 'nuliani' aturturluni pia.

After her “poor old husband” received the *akutaq*, and because of his gratefulness, he said, “Well now, so ‘my poor old wife’ has brought me food,” and he began to chant a song:

*Nuliamacuungamaang, payugtecungararpenga-am
Iqvallerpenek.
Nanvam tungiinek-qaa.
Nerevkarnalua-a-qaa.
Mayiteqkamnek-qaa payugta-avnga-llu!*

My dear little wife, so you have brought me some
Berries you picked
From the direction of the pond, is that so.
To feed me,
You have brought to me something I have been craving for.

*Umyuarak quyiglutek utqertuk alqaqellriik, elliik-llu akutaturpaalukataamek
iqvallermegnek. Neqerrluaraat-llu aatiik angpartellri aglumanaqngata caanguarpeknatek
utqertelliniuk.*

The two sisters’ spirits were high as they went home, and they were finally going to have their first *akutaq*. The dried fish that their father had taken out of the sealed containers, where they were stored, were so appetizing, the girls didn’t waste any time and went right home.



Qakuaraurcan maaten Kang'aq uyangtuq egalerkun 'uinga' tumyarakun agiirtellria eniita tungiinun camek tegumiarluni. Iterngami-llu Kang'am 'uingan' tauna tegumiani tunluku Kang'amun. Maaten ikirtaa 'lumarrakegtaar atsayagarnek qaralirluni. 'Uingan' pillia, "Aanavet qaspelinaraaten yuraquvet aturarkarpenek."

Some time later, when Kang'aq looked out the window, she noticed her “husband” coming down the path toward their house, carrying something. He came in and gave it to Kang'aq. It was a present. She opened it, and inside was a beautiful fabric with a pattern of tiny berries on it. Her ‘husband’ said to her, “Your mother can make you a *qaspeq* to wear when you dance.”



Qavallermi Kang' aq qavangurtuqili atsiyalliniluteng. Maaten tangrraa manuni imna qaspeq atsayagarnek qaralilek, 'uimine'k' pillra, aturluku, yuralria. 'Uingan' kegginaa pug' uq aturluni cauyalria:

As Kang' aq slept, she dreamed that she had been berry picking. Then she looked down at the front of her body and saw herself dancing, wearing the new *qaspeq* with the pattern of berries on it, which her 'husband' got for her. Then her 'husband's' face appeared, and he was singing and drumming:

*Nuliamacuungamaang, payugtecungararpenga-am
Iqvallerpenek.*

Nanvam tungiinek-qaa.

Nerevkarnalua-a-qaa.

Mayiteqkamnek-qaa payugta-avnga-llu!

My dear little wife, you have brought me some
Berries you picked
From the direction of the pond, is that so.
To feed me
You've brought to me something I have been
craving for.

*Tua-ll' tang carayak taikili yurarluni. Aturluni, "Anirta unuaq qessangerma pingnatullruunga.
M-mm!"*

Tua-i.

Then the bear appeared, dancing and singing: "Good thing, even though I was lazy this morning, I'm glad I went. M-mm!"

The End.

Glossary

Elagyaq

Partially underground cache where food is stored.

Ala-i

Exclamation used when surprised or frightened. It can also be said to frighten someone.

Akutaq

A mixture usually made with berries for dessert.

Qaspeq

Parka cover made of cloth that can be used as a dress or light jacket. The women's *qaspeq* has a skirt while the men's doesn't.